

from the superintendent urging all hands to hustle trains so as to be on time, which demon-

from the superintendent urging all hands to hustle trains so as to be, in time, which demonstrates that they have also complained at headquarters.

"A commercial traveler is also a good packer, but he does it principally to attract attention and draw people around him, so that they may see that he handles a certain line of goods which the firm sells in the world."

"One of the pleasures of my office is the returning of lost articles to their owners. Our force around the depot is exceptionally honest, when their circumstances are such that it is rare, indeed, that an article lost in the care by a negligent traveler does not find its way to my office. If I find a lost article, I am a honest co-traveler in the same car. I have returned pocket books to poor people that were across a parallel case wherein the cap of Jay was dashed from a woman's hair, with each terrible suddenness and despairing result. Here was a woman and happy children just landed in a strange country expecting many years of happiness, and here was a woman whose life and collapse of these hopes was the rude awakening from their pleasant dream."

TWO YOUNG MILLINERS.

Polly and Peggy Tell of the Ways by Which They Have Prospered.

From the New York Sun.

"Well, how are you and Polly getting on these days?" inquired the clerk, measuring off a dozen yards of ribbon for a rosy cheeked girl leaning

and they deeply commiserated over their loss, and the pleasure of the dealer would not repay any one with an honest heart and a clear conscience. I have never yet come across the dealer who does not have a bundle of papers or money who has not been profuse in his thanks and rewarded the finder in the most liberal manner. They no doubt know the value of money, but have also the good, common sense to appreciate honesty at its full worth."

ALMOST ANGELS.

These anticrists of the depot come about as near to being angels as a man can be that is employed around railroads. Always calm and serene, their spirits always rule the scene, no matter how great the noise or confusion may be. They are the great turn-of-mind men; what you can hardly hear or think of, they know the news is and his answer nine times out of ten will be: "Everything is quiet." This is the result of having grown up with the roar and becoming accustomed to it.

It is a very close guess to make to pick these

against the counter.

"Being," replied the shopper, "was Polly and a string booming, that's all. We were just back from the States through the Oranges and brought home \$900 worth of trade with us."

"No!" exclaimed her friend, leaning over to fill out a check.

"It's a fact," said the girl, gathering up her parcels. "The story is too long to tell here and I am in a hurry, but if you come up to our rooms tonight you shall hear all about it, and I will get some ideas about going into business yourself."

That evening, under the glow of two powerful lamps, the girls wired blue, pinched crimson into bonnet fadings and told the history of their success.

"You see," Polly began, "when papa died and I recovered his inheritance of \$10,000, out, there was but \$200 between myself and

"You out as practical railroaders who have been in the business for years, and you're in service first as a brakeman and then as a freight conductor, and you're going to be a passenger up through the higher positions of the passenger service to that of the master of the railroad?"

"Tell me something about your past life and how you came to be selected for this position," the reporter said to one of those gentlemen one by one.

"I was a very good boy," the first character, and the reading people always like to hear of persons they come in contact with.

"Well, I'd rather not," he replied in a quiet manner, "but I'll tell you as many good men before me, and by attending to my business I hope to retain my berth."

A characteristic railroader's reply, surely.

"You've had some experience with travel?"

"You see all sorts of people and you'll find funny incidents that are out of the usual run of things, and consequently interesting," persisted the reporter.

"To that question I will reply yes," said the autocrat of the depot. "I suppose that on an

the street. We were awfully young and ignorant, and only because people had said I showed some talent that I was able to get out of the street. I was a very good boy, but I had to think of it as a profession."

"Now, don't you feel that, with the money that your amateur work goes down with the money," her sister interrupted, "for it doesn't."

"Of course not," Polly continued. "But our first move was to get into a fashionable millinery and dressmaking apprenticeship. For two years we studied the trade and for two years nothing, and figured continually on some way of bettering our condition. I seemed to be a very good girl, but I was a very good girl, and just to be friendly, I turned out a very good woman in our boarding house. They even brought them to us from outside, till finally a very good man came in and offered me a position offering to pay me for buying and training her a bonnet suitable for half mourning. I did it, my taste pleased her, and before long every one of our friends was taken up with the private country orders."

"But," observed the visitor, "how did you ever dare throw away your steady pay for an unsteady one?"

"It was pretty cheeky," Polly replied, "and we would never have had the courage if an old friend of our father's hadn't offered us the money. He had been in the army and had spent a few of his rent two days in every week, and the result was that he had to get out of the army. He told us we were just as well to get out of the army, and we did."

"You sent out circulars to every woman we knew," said the visitor, "and they all came in."

"Yes," said Polly, "and we were all getting ready for our opening. The function consisted of six trimmed bunnets and a cup of tea for all three good enough to come. Peggy and I were out of the house for some time, and we knew how to bid and begged our guests to help advertise us."

"And did it nobly," Peggy struck in, "and we were all so comfortable brought in a tidy little sum every week. We were to rule to study the individual tastes of our customers and never let a hat box go home like a box of soap. We had to be as good as the trifles, but they seemed to be so good."

The train then due, but which was half an hour late. He accused the depot officers about every ten minutes as to the arrival of the train.

"Finally the train came puffing into the lower end of the shed, and the man gazed his eyes and tried to see through the iron fence near the outlet gate. All was confusion and commotion. There was a heavy train many passengers came trooping down the platform. All of a sudden I saw a face light up with a glad look, and following him toward the engine it alighted on the face of a pretty woman of about twenty-five years, and then to three happy, blue-eyed children at her side. The parents were warmly embraced, but they were amply protected from the frosty air.

"Soon the recognition was mutual and glad cries were heard from mother and little ones and were answered back by their friends. In the next moment the husband and wife were in each other's arms, and the greeting was so earnest that the bystanders who had been watching suppressed the smile that rose upon their lips.

"The father conceived the idea of a spontaneous ode by the day," said Polly, resuming her narrative, "only we trimmed better, and in time that led up to regular season singing in the church choir in New York. This autumn and winter we have been preparing for this year ever, and as Peggy told you, our Orange trip has netted us over \$300. The way we do it is to go to places three or four days and have there all our own goods, such as hats, bonnets, shoes. They turn over to wear their old dresses, fathers, A.C., which we took through, and the mothers and girls are worth carrying back to New York and freight free. We take care of the patrons, are relieved of all trouble. We make detailed notes of just what they wish to buy, and then when we get home we make up trade and solicit orders. It is surprising how could have seen the mass of half-worn furs, ticked and packed in big pasteboard boxes, and the women and girls are busy one after another working up into masses that are bulky and

faces and looks of sympathy took its place. The couple at last finally disentangled their arms and the father bent down to kiss the eldest child, and the mother the girl. He had but imprinted the kiss upon the little one's rosy, pouting lips, when he put out his hand and grasped at one of the iron rods in the grate, and with it he struck the mother's head. A cry of pain came from between his half-open lips and his face took on the color of death. His life made a movement toward him, but before one of his hands could reach the other, he fell on his knees and then rolled over on his side with one hand clutching at his breast.

"Not a cry came from the mother and little one," said the doctor, "and the father, who had placed her hand to his heart, found it silent to death. May I never again hear the call of despair that came from the woman's lips and the pitiful cries that followed from the children."

"A doctor happened near by, and after a hasty examination pronounced it a case of death," said the mother, "and I never saw him again."

"There is no more pathetic life in life than an old, dependent person, whose life is finished."

"I took the woman in my office to question about her relatives, but the terrible despair that was pictured in her face almost made me shrink from the task.

"She spoke a broken French and was hardly intelligible, but was evidently well educated. Her voice was clear and sweet; that the broken French she spoke was not a hindrance was due to her skilful and the chair she was sitting on. The eldest one moaning piteously, but the others, too young to realize the situation, were looking at her with interest.

"From her story I learned that she was from a large town named Châlons, some distance out of Paris; that her husband was a stone mason, and that she came to this country six months before her husband's death. She was a very pretentious and self-important woman, and regularly to her to support the family. Finally, both by stinting themselves had managed to save enough money to bring herself and little children to America to live with her relatives. Her relatives knew no one in this country.

"Her story affected me so that I believe if I




after I'd made her marry me there and then, I cramped on taking up a collection among the railroad men around the depot, which, together with her husband's effects, netted enough to pay her passage over the ocean, and car fare on the other side to her home. I also secured her free transportation to New York.

"In all my years' experience as a railroad man," said the depot master, concluding his story and putting on his overcoat, as the clock above his head warned him that several trains were nearly due to arrive, "I have never come

and inactive; the quick mental acuteness betrayed by a cloud and the physical beauty that charmed the eye has withered at the touch of age? Is it not enough that all this should be borne, with out being made to feel that there is no welcome spot or willing care for them in life? The protection of aged parents by their children is one of the beautiful and just claims of nature. And the son or daughter who, through greed and selfishness, refuses to bestow such care when needed is an ungrateful and unnatural exception in the human family.

ONE OF LIFE'S FAILURES.

From Puck.



Mrs. Hiram Daly.—“And so you’ve got your old cook back! I thought you told me she was married about three months ago and had gone to housekeeping.”

Mrs. Riverside Nives.—“She has given up housekeeping and has come back to me.”

Mrs. Hiram Daly.—“What was the matter?”

Mrs. Riverside Nives.—“She couldn’t get a girl.”